Hark the Sound of Holy Voices



Hark! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea, Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord, to Thee; Multitude, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the way of Christ King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr and evangelist; Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with Thy cross their banner, they have triumphed, following Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their Savior and their King; Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died; And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heav'nly glory, now they walk in golden light, Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite: Love and peace they taste forever, and all truth and knowledge see In the beatific vision of the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth